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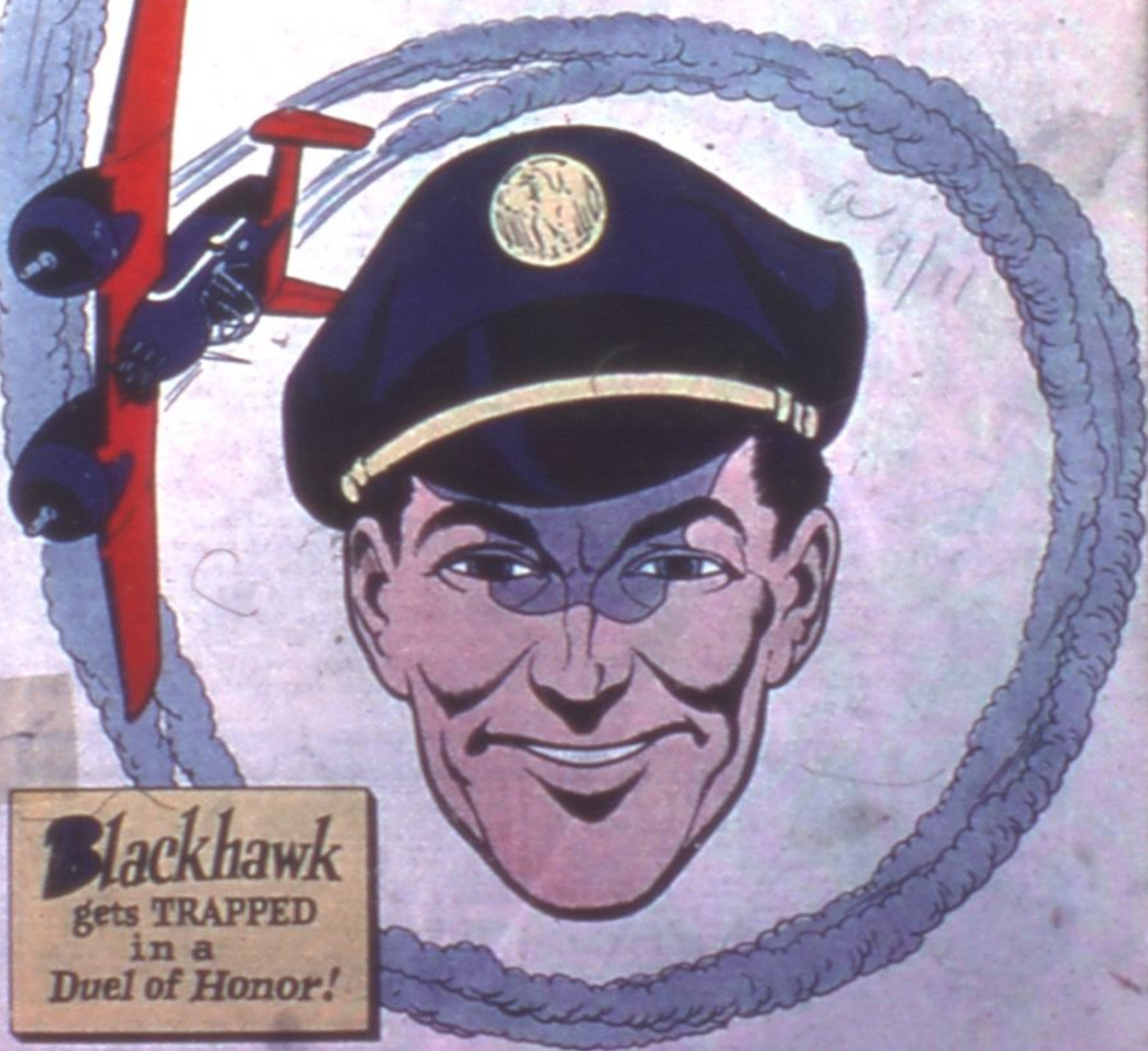
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COMICS

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BLACKHAWK



Another space of time - another
advance of the sure vengeance of
our arms !!!

The Blackhawk keep pace with
fate as they hound the
fleeing enemy!

TRAGEDY!...

HA, NATIVE
DOGS! DID YOU
THINK WE WERE
BEATEN
FOREVER?

A sudden surprise attack,
brilliant and determined--
the Japanese have RECAP-
TURED the island of Jamil!

LOOK--THEY MOURN FOR THE
AMERICANS WHO WERE HERE
--FOR A LITTLE WHILE!

WE CAUGHT THE GRIEL
WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE
FOR OUR FORMER
LOSS OF THE ISLAND,
MARSHAL
CHIKARA!

BRING
HER BEFORE
ME!

AS I RECALL, YOU GAVE SECRET INFORMATION
TO THE BLACKHAWKS ABOUT US!

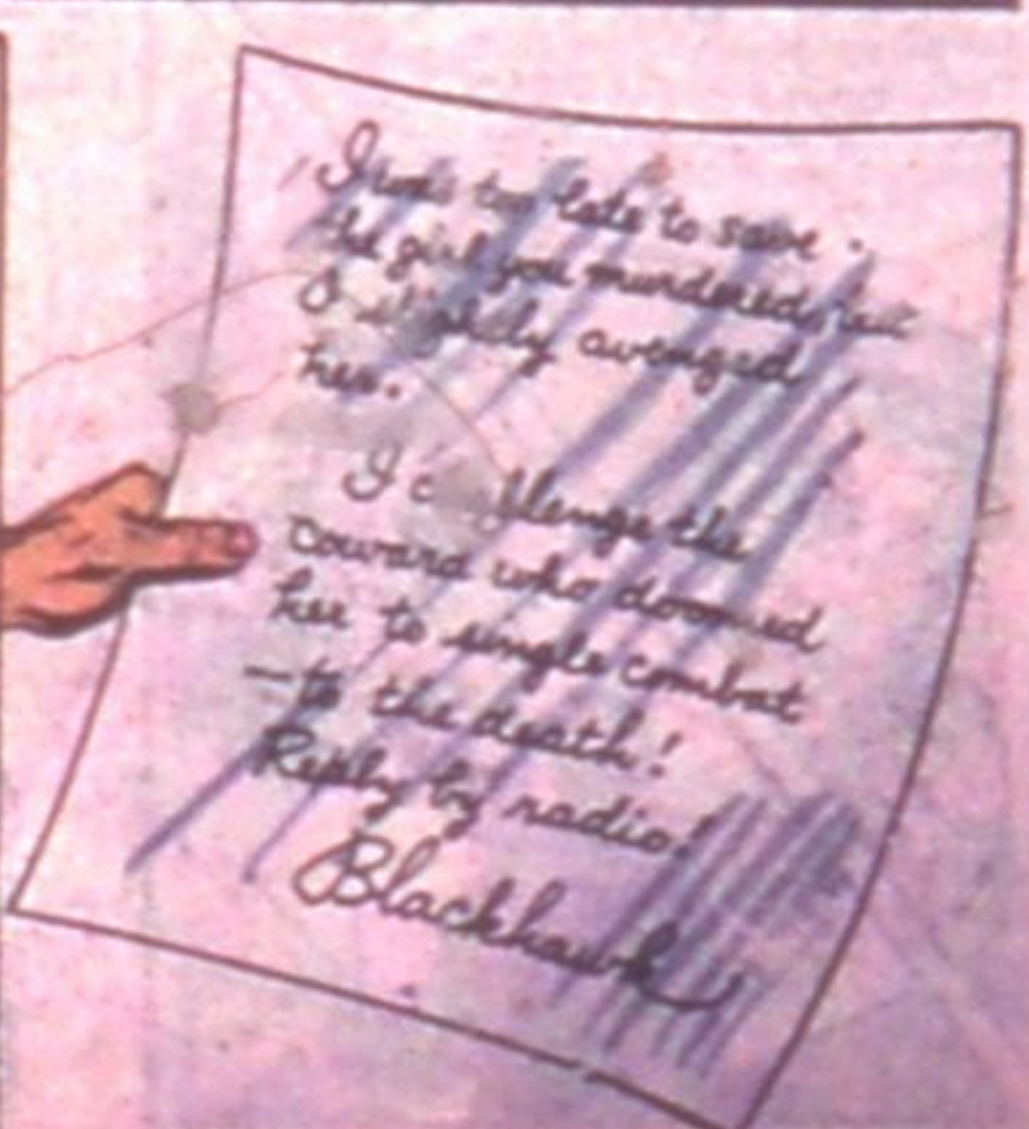
YES, I AM PROUD TO SAY!
IT HELPED THE ALLIES
TAKE JAMIL ISLAND!

YOU KNOW THE PENALTY
FOR A SPY--DEATH!

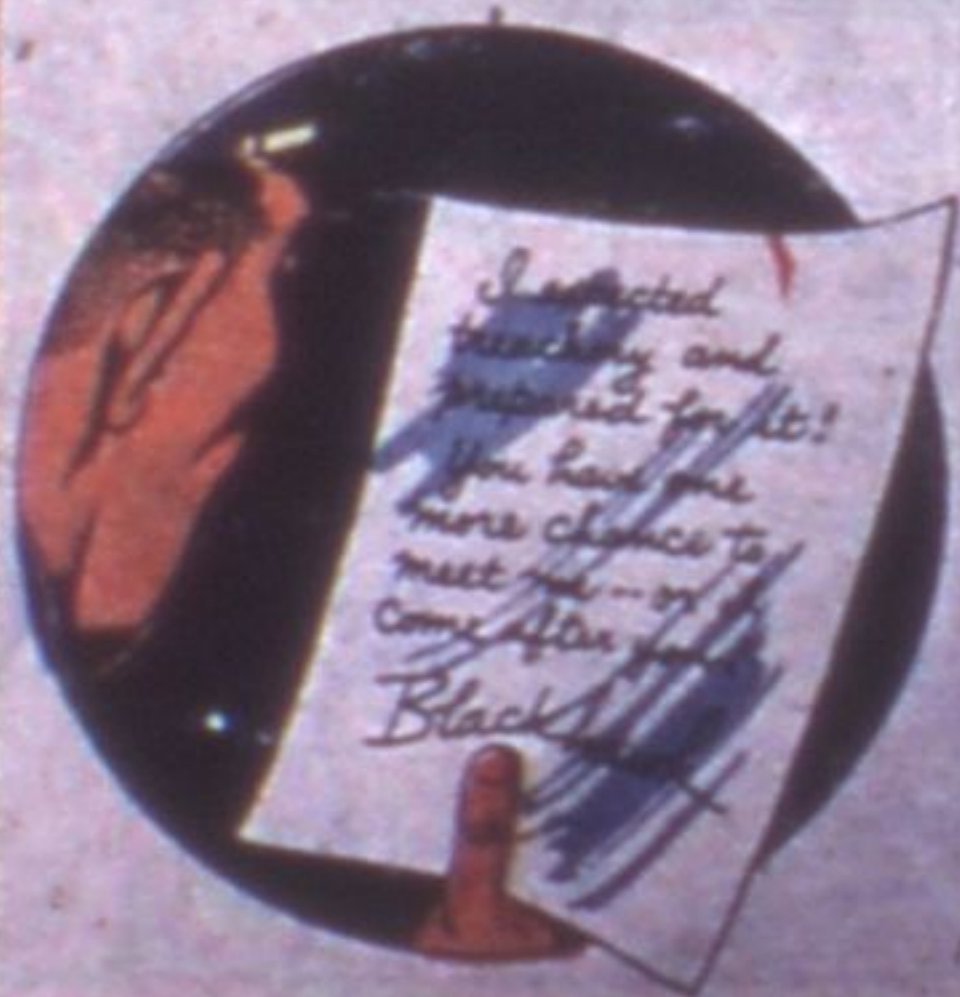
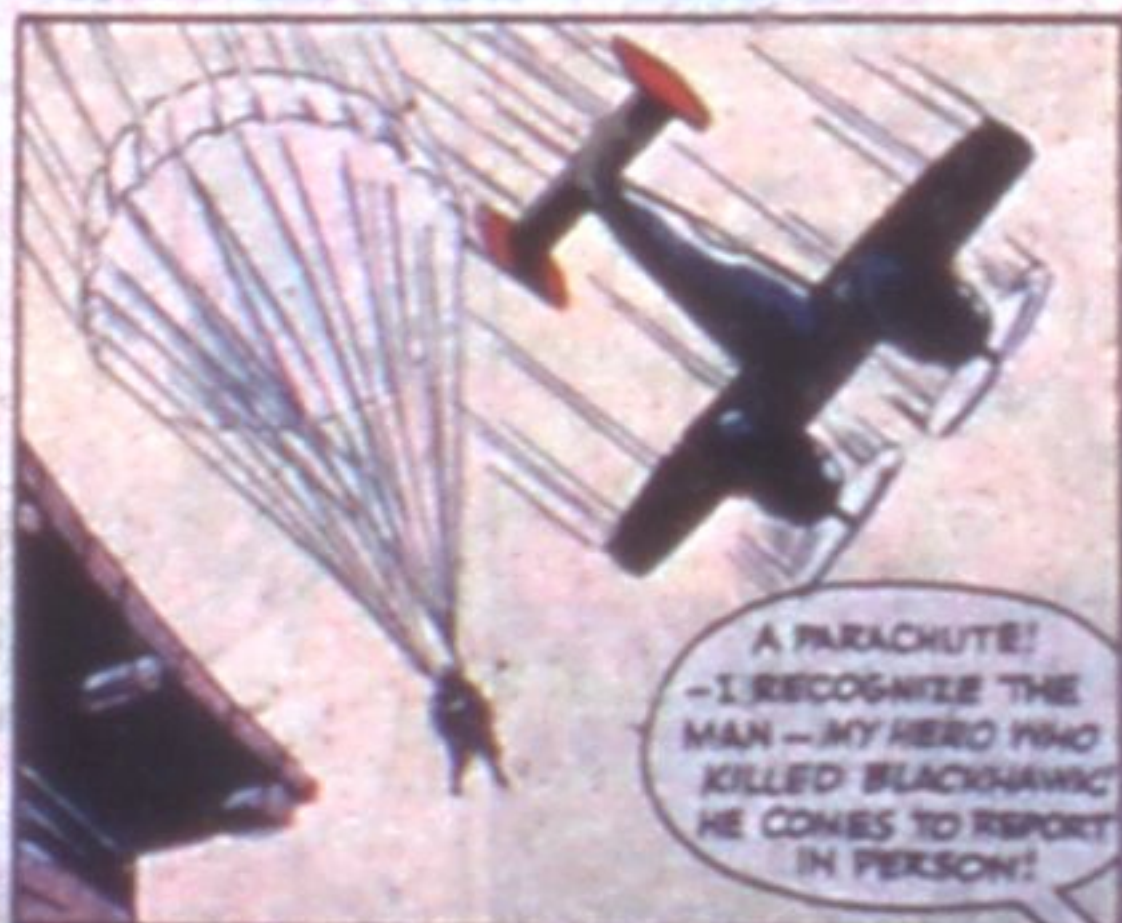
THEN KILL ME AND
SPARE ME FROM
LOOKING AT YOUR
DIRTY FACE!

QUICK--A FIRING SQUAD! LET
THE ISLANDERS WATCH THIS
STUPID GIRL'S PUNISHMENT!

TAKE WARNING,
ISLANDERS! THIS
WILL PROVE OUR
MASTERY!







HE FORCES MY HAND!
I MUST MEET HIM
IN AN AIR DUEL!

HOW CAN YOU CONQUER
BLACKHAWK -- EVEN
WITH THAT SPECIAL
FIGHTER PLANE?

HST! IT IS BUT A TRAP FOR
HIM! I WILL SNOOP LOW
OVER THE SEA -- HE
PURSUES -- AND FROM
UNDERSEA BURST
MY ESCORT
SUBMARINES!

TOO EASY A
DEATH FOR
THE FOREIGN
FRIEND!



READY FOR
THE MARSHAL'S
SIGNAL! LET NOT
A SHOT GO WIDE
OF THE MARK!



At the place appointed --

HELLO,
CHIKARA!
COME
SHOOTING!

DEFEND
YOURSELF,
BOASTER!



RETREATING ALREADY!
I'LL DRIVE YOU
INTO THE SEA!

YOU
THINK SO
BLACKHAWK
-- BUT --



As
Blackhawk
comes into
close
quarters,
the sub-
marine
ambush
breaks
surface!

FIRE
INTO
HIM!



A
HIT!

But, as Japanese guns blaze treachery, into view flash the other Blackhawks!

ZE SNEAK ATTACK!—
WE HEAR IEM SHOOT!
INTO ZE FIGHT!

WE'RE
RIGHT
BE SIDE
YOU,
ANDRE!

A
HIT!

ANOTHER!

ME,
TOO!

AMOI, BLACKHAWK! AY BAN
YUST NOTICE YOU ---

PICK ME UP,
OLAF! I STILL
WANT
CHIKARA!

HE BAN IN BIG
HURRY! YAPS GOT
YERKY IDBAS
ABOUT DUELS!

HEADING FOR HOME!
GIVE ME THE RADIO
MIKE, OLAF!

YOU HAD YOUR ONE
CHANCE TO FIGHT
FAIR, CHIKARA! NOW
YOUR WHOLE
COMMAND WILL
SUFFER!

HE MEANS TO
COME HERE, MARSHAL
CHIKARA! WHAT
SHALL WE
DO?

DO! WE SHALL SMASH
HIM AND HIS FRIENDS—AS
I PLANNED FROM THE
FIRST! SEND THE
ORDNANCE CHIEFS
TO ME—AT ONCE!



ORDNANCE
STAFF
REPORTING,
EXCELLENCY!

NOW WE TALK STRATEGY! HIGH
COMMAND HAS NOT PLANNED
TO HOLD JAMIL ISLAND --
I HAVE GOADED THE
ENEMY INTO COUNTER-
ATTACK!



THEY COME; WE RETREAT
FROM THIS ISLAND! BUT
BEHIND US WE LEAVE
TIME BOMBS--
EVERYWHERE!

AND BLOW THEM
TO BITS AS THEY
TAKE OVER!
MAGNIFICENT!



BUT CHIKARA HAS
PULLED TWO TRICKS
ON ME! I DESERVE
TO SETTLE WITH HIM
PERSONALLY!

SORRY, BLACKHAWK--
WE CAN'T RISK YOU
AGAINST HIM! THE
ARMY TAKES OVER
AT JAMIL TOMORROW
AT DAWN!



ZE GENERAL, HE
SAY TOMORROW AT
DAWN ZEY ATTACK?
ZEN ---

THEN WE ATTACK
NOW! AND HERE'S
THE PLAN,
BOYS!--



Midnight--
and a landing--

WHY NOT PLANES,
BLACKHAWK? AND
MACHINE GUNS AND
BOMBS INSTEAD
OF CLUBS?

BECAUSE THIS
ISLAND'S LOUSY WITH
RADIO DETECTORS--
THEY'D WARN OF
ANYTHING
METAL!



A SENTRY -- WIZ
ZE RIFLE --AND WE
HAVE ONLY ZE
CLUB --

SO
CLUB
HIM!



The sheer audacity of *Blackhawk* terrorizes the Japanese!

TAKE CARE! HE IS A FIEND!— A SUPERNATURAL MONSTER!

STAND UP AND FIGHT, YOU RATS! ON YOU A BLACK EYE WOULD LOOK GOOD!



PLANNING SNEAK ATTACKS! THEN BE CAREFUL NOT TO CAST SHADOWS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!

'LIKE ALL SNEAK ATTACKS, THIS ONE'S APT TO BACKFIRE ON YOU!



AND NOW, AS FOR YOU OTHERS —

NO SHOOT! — WE SURRENDER! BANTAI, BLACKHAWK!



SHOOT DOWN THE COWARDS WHO BETRAY THEIR GREAT MIKADO!



THESE JAPS ARE GREAT GROUP FIGHTERS! FROM BEHIND THIS SHELTER—

COME ONE, COME ALL! I'LL FIGHT---

STAND QUIET, BLACK-HAWK, OR I SHOOT YOU FROM BEHIND!



THIRD TIME WAS THE CHARM! YOU ARE TRAPPED AT LAST!

TYPICAL JAPANESE TACTICS! SUBSTITUTING CUNNING FOR COURAGE!





CHIKARA IS
BRAVE! HE
COULD KILL
YOU LIKE A
FLY!

HE IS
EAGER
TO FIGHT
YOU, MAN
TO MAN!

SO WHY
DOESN'T
HE?



YOU WILL SEE!
CHIKARA WILL CUT
YOU INTO
RIBBONS!

TAKE MY SWORD! LEARN
HOW GREAT IS CHIKARA'S
FIGHTING SKILL!



NOW, GREAT
MARSHAL! WIPE
OUT HIS BOASTS
WITH BLOOD!

THE FOOLS! THEY
LET HIM TAUNT THEM
INTO FREEING
HIM!



HOW ABOUT IT, TOUGH
GUY? DRAW THAT CHEESE-
CUTTER AND LET'S PLAY
PATTY-CAKE!

I HAVE
A WAY
OUT--

STAND BACK
PIG! SHALL
I SOIL MY
NOBLE BLADE
WITH YOUR ROTEN

AMERICAN
BLOOD?



I AM A SAMURAI --
A SON OF BUSHIDO --
BARON OF THE
EMPIRE! I DO
NOT LOWER
MYSELF TO
FIGHT YOU!

IF YOU WON'T
FIGHT, THAT
ENDS IT!



BETTER TAKE BACK
YOUR CUTLERY, IF YOUR
BOSS DECLINES THE
NOMINATION!

AHAAA!







CONNECTION
IS CLOSED--BUT
NO EXPLOSION!
HOW CAN--

VERY
SIMPLE,
CHIKARA--

WHILE WE WERE WRESTLING
AROUND, I GOT MY HANDS
ON THE WIRING AND
TORE IT OUT!

I FAIL--
DISGRACED--
GHAHA!

DON'T TELL ME YOU
AREN'T GOING TO
FINISH OUR
DUEL!

NO--NOTHING
FINISH--BUT
CHIKARA!

HIS HEART
STOPPED--
HE COULDN'T
TAKE DEFEAT!

BLACKHAWK!
ALLIED TROOPS
ARE LANDING!

HOW DO YOU
DO THESE THINGS,
BLACKHAWK?

JUST BY
JUDGING ENEMY
CHARACTER AND WHAT
IT'LL DO NEXT SIR! IF YOU
GET OUT YOUR MINE DETEC-
TOR, YOU'LL FIND LOTS
OF VALUABLE EXPLOSIVES
SCATTERED OVER THIS
ISLAND!

OUR PLANES
WILL TAKE YOU
TO YOUR OWN!
OUR THANKS,
BLACKHAWK!

FAMILY,
COMMANDER,
THE PLEASURE
WAS OURS! WE
HAD A BOON
TO SETTLING WITH
CHIKARA!

♪♪ Over land,
over sea--
we fight to
make men free--
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS! ♪♪

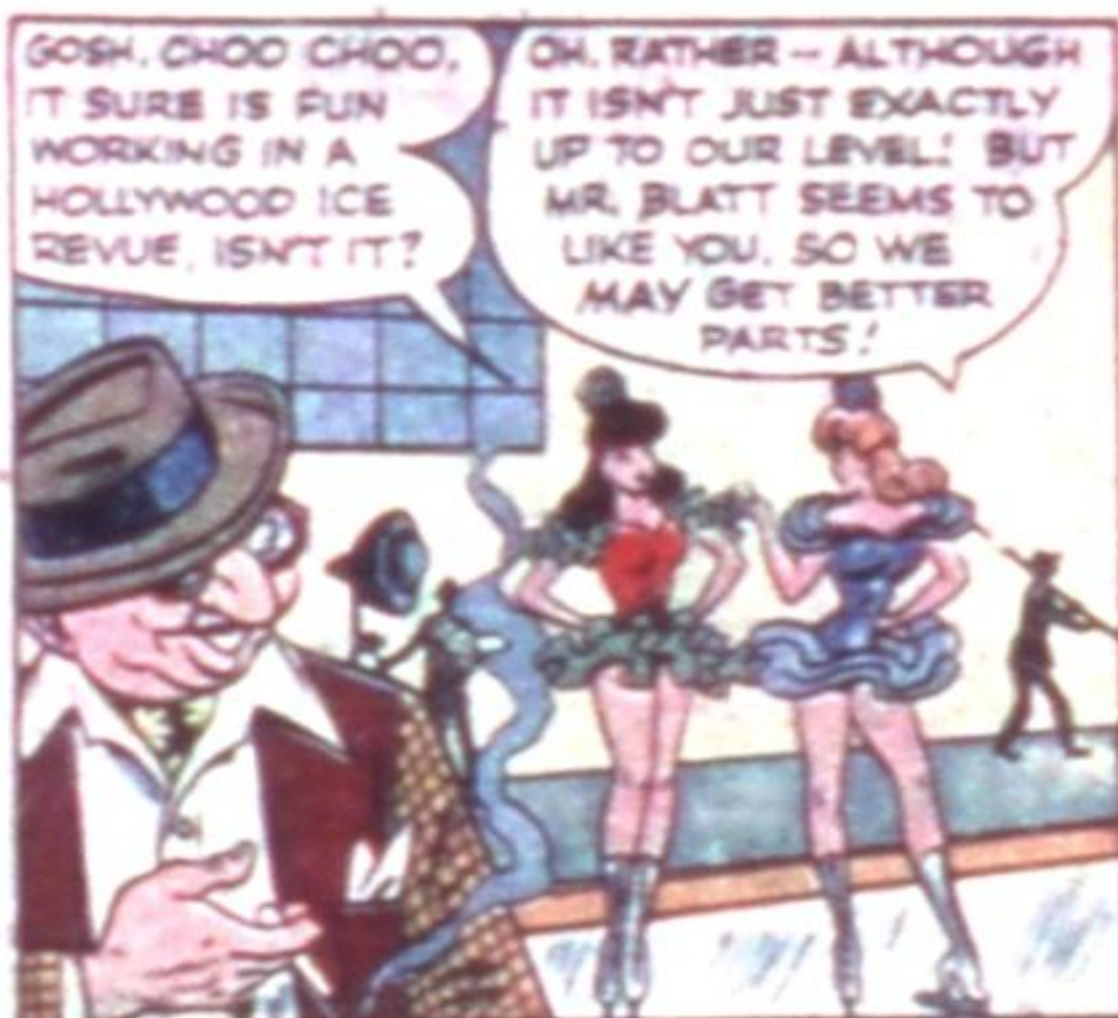
Choo Choo

CHOO CHOO!
WAIT! WAIT!...
THINGS HAVE
CHANGED SINCE
YOU WERE
LAST HERE!

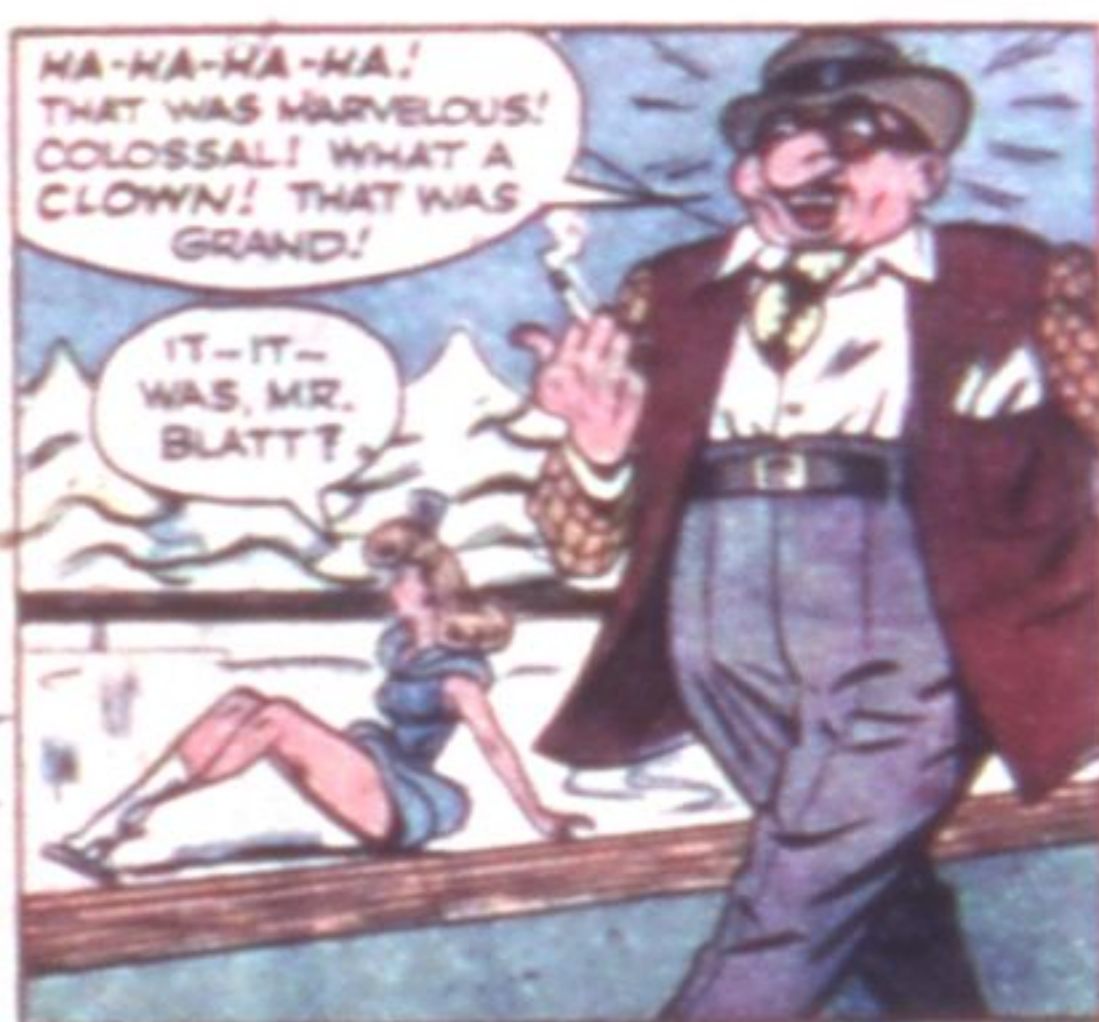
I'LL SAY THEY
HAVE! I'VE BEEN
PRACTICING! WATCH
THIS AND SEE IF I'M
NOT MADE **QUEEN**
OF THE **ICE**
CARNIVAL!

LET HER GO!
LET HER GO! SHE'LL
LEARN QUICKLY ENOUGH
THAT THIS SHOW HAS
BEEN CHANGED TO A
SWIM FESTIVAL!









NOW HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? WE ACTUALLY MEET A FELLOW WHO IS INFLUENTIAL AND SINCERE AND FRIENDLY AND — OH, WHY DOES SHE HAVE TO BE SUCH A CHILD?

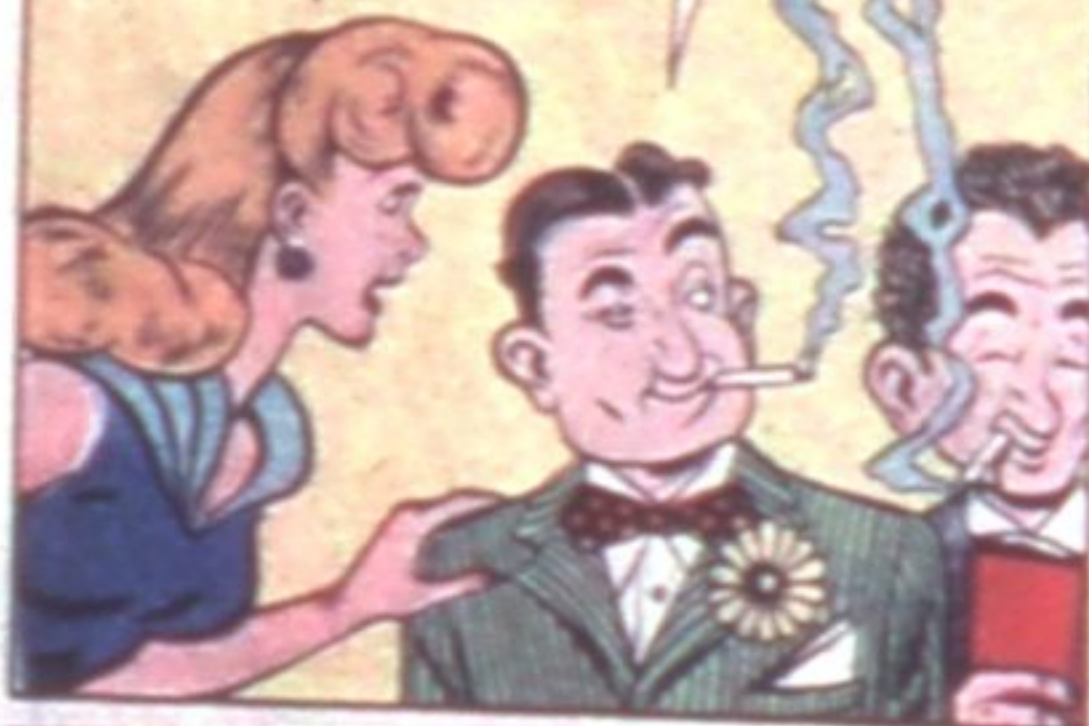


A CHILD? A CHILD! THAT'S THE TICKET!



SAY, HOW WOULD YOU FELLOWS LIKE TO EARN A FEW EXTRA BUCKS, EASY?

GET OUT THE BOOKS, BOYS! WHAT ARE THE RATES FOR TODAY?



TODAY AT THIS TIME — IT RUNS TEN BUCKS PER HOUR!

WITH TEN PERCENT REDUCTION FOR BEAUTIFUL BLONDES! IN THIS A SPECIAL CASE — FIFTEEN PERCENT!



SPILL IT, LADY! GIVE US THE DOPE!

HERE SHE COMES NOW! YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST! HERE'S WHAT YOU DO —



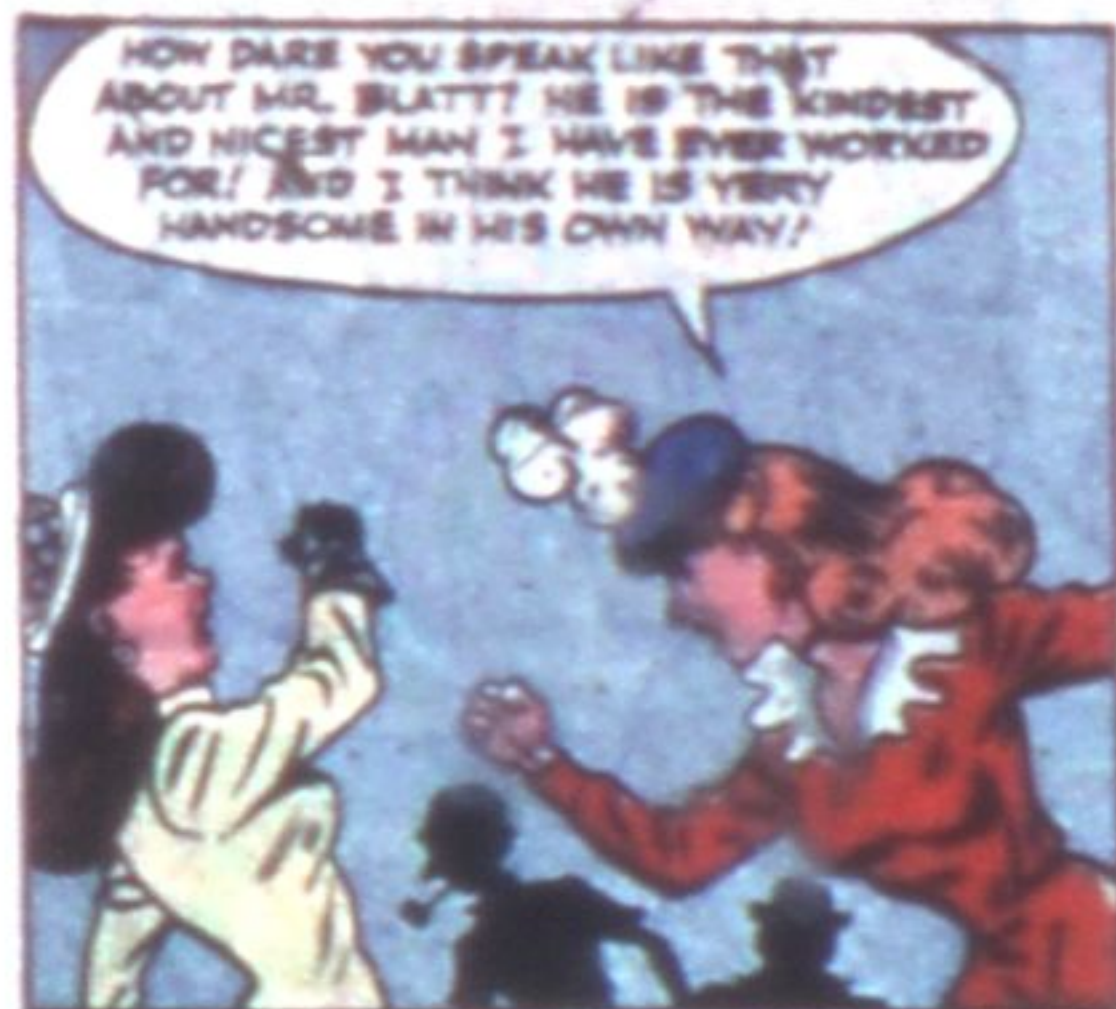
OH, LADY, WILL YOU PLEASE DO A FAVOR FOR ME, PLEASE?

UH, WHY, I SUPPOSE SO!









GOLLY! WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE LANDING
FIELD?

DEATH PATROL

By
AL STAHL

The HELICOPTER! The aviator's DREAM!...
Man's desire to fly UP and DOWN... hover about in
a DESIGNATED SPACE, and on a DIME! What does
the future hold in store for HELICOPTER travel?
LET'S SEE!...

HE'S AT IT
AGAIN!

HMF!... WASTING
TIME AND PRECIOUS
MATERIAL!

ON THOSE
DANGED
NEW
HELICOPTERS!
WHMM!

CLANG!
CLANG!

HOW DO YOU
LIKE IT, FELLOWS?
...MY EMERGENCY
HELICOPTER
LANDING
FIELD!





NATURALLY, WE'LL
RETAIN SUCH
FAMILIAR SIGHTS
AS THE
TROLLEY!...

—AND
CORNER
POLICEMEN!

CLANG!

CLANG!

TWEET!
TWEET!

HOW MANY?
MUSTARD?

HMMMM-M-M-N!
NOT BAD!

WATCH OUT
FOR THIS BEAM
OF LIGHT,
GUYS!

AFTER ALL, WE DON'T
WANT TO BREAK UP
A MOVIE SHOW!

EXCUSE ME,
GENTS— BUT
COULD I INTEREST
YOU IN AN
AIRCRAFT
HANGAR
IDEALLY
SITUATED?

WELL—
ER—
YES!

Presenting
THE
FLIGHT OF
TIME
NEWSREEL...

MILKY
WAY
REALTY
CO.

NOT FAR FROM THE SHOPPING CENTERS ON MARS AND SATURN! JUST FOLLOW THE ORBIT! SKY-HIGH VALUES! DOWN-TO-EARTH PRICES!

IF YOU BUY FOR CASH, I'LL THROW IN TWO RAIN CLOUDS AND A STAR!

WELL, LET'S SEE THE INSIDE!

GOLLY!

HMF!

CRACK!

THUNDER SHOWER! GUYS, GET INSIDE THE HANGAR!

GULP! I DIDN'T FIGURE ON THIS!

HMM-M...NOW WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? — THE WIND IS BLOWING IT AWAY!

A FINE MESS—WHEN YOU HAVE TO CHASE YOUR OWN HOME!

Now back to DEATH RACE on the earth...

DO SOMETHING, FELLOWS! — THE STORM IS APPROACHING!

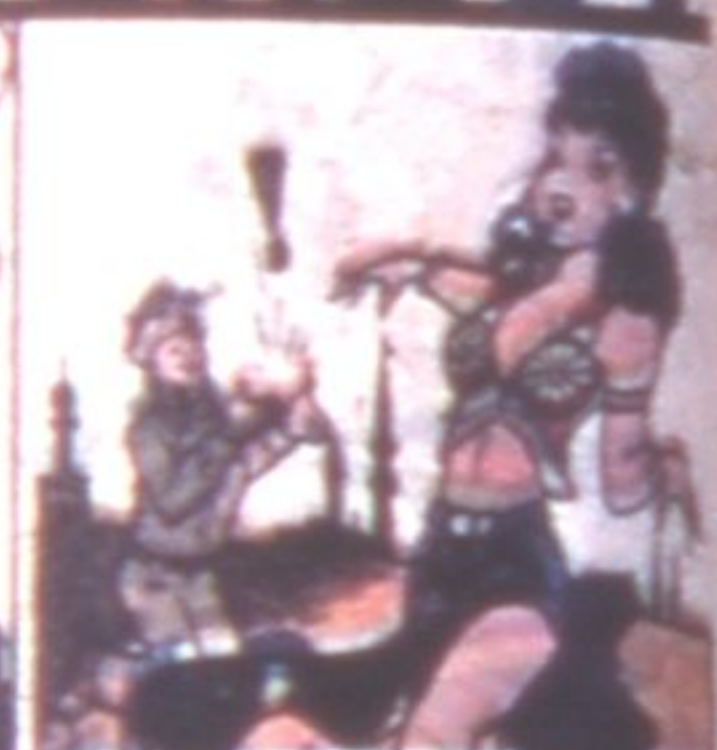
LET HIM GET A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

HEY!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT... IT COULD BE!

SURE! THOSE CRAZY IDEAS WILL NEVER COME TRUE!

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



DOGTAG

THAT'S ALL BUNK ABOUT
THE WILD WEST BEING
FULL OF BAD MEN! WHY,
IT'S BEEN TAME FOR
MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS!

THERE'S A SMALL TOWN ABOUT FIVE
MILES FROM HERE! WE'VE GOT TO
BILLET OUR MEN THERE TONIGHT!
SEND SOMEBODY AHEAD TO MAKE
ARRANGEMENTS!

BUT DON'T SEND ANYONE WHO MAY BE
USEFUL IN THE EVENT OF A SUDDEN
ATTACK BY THE BLUE ARMY! WE'LL
NEED EVERY GOOD MAN!

DON'T WORRY,
SIR! I KNOW
THE MOST
USELESS
SOLDIER IN
THE ARMY!













WHILE ...
TAKEN ENOUGH FROM
NELLIE! IF WE KEEP
HER GIT AWAY WITH
GGS THIS TOWN'LL BE SO
GONE CLEANED UP IT
W'LL BE FIT TO LIVE IN!

STRING
'ER
UP!



I DON'T FAVOR STRINGIN'
UP GALS ANYMORE'N THE
REST O' YOU, BUT NELLIE'S
DIFFERENT! WE GOTTA DO
IT TO PROTECT OUR OWN
INTERESTS!

LET'S GIT HER!



AH ...
CUSTOMERS!

PAPER, MISTER?



SO ... SHE'S INVITIN'
THE ARMY TO CLEAN
UP HEADSTONE?

THAT'LL BE
THREE CENTS
PLEASE!



WE'RE GONNA PAY
YOU OFF IN
LEAD!



I GUESS THEY DON'T
AGREE WITH THE
PAPER'S POLICY!



I SOLD ONE PAPER BUT
I COULDN'T WAIT TO
COLLECT!

WHUT? Y'MEAN SOME-
BODY'S AIMIN' TO DO ME
OUTTA THREE CENTS?
I'LL FILL THE COYOTE
FULL O' HOLES!





STARS WITH STRIPES

It was a small, exquisite family of five, each member bearing the identical rudimentary markings: several black and white stripes, which pinched to an inquisitive nose at the front end, and a snub tail at the other.

The maternal side of the house was larger, with her stripes more ordered, her nose slightly less inquisitive, and her tail bearing a few battle scars—or perhaps the pinchings of man-made steel traps.

Neither family nor scars seemed to bother this member of the family particularly, even from the first day, when Sgt. Johnny Thomas found her waddling complacently out of a hollow log at the edge of the makeshift landing field on Taglak. That's a small island in the immense Aleutian chain. Which more or less dates this little story as having happened during the Japs' none-too-pleasant occupation of our far-northern possession.

Sgt. Thomas made the acquaintance of Madam Skunk one day while taking a hike around the field. It was an unusual day for the region; which is to say, it was neither raining or howling a gale.

The skunk left the hole in the log and halted, eyeing the soldier with a comical twist to her head.

"H'lo!" said Thomas, taking a few quick practice steps backward. "Nice skunk. But don't come too close, lady!"

The striped one advanced two steps, turned around disdainfully, and made a little feminine sound. Then in neat single-file came the rest of her family—five tiny striped skunklets.

"Holy cats!" chuckled Sgt. Thomas. "They're the prettiest little reescals I ever saw. Wonder if Mama will get her sto-

mizer working if I pet 'em?"

The sergeant sat down on the log very carefully and waited. Madam Skunk thoughtfully bathed her youngsters with a red tongue, whimpered to them, and then squatted down close to Thomas' feet as if this were an every-day occurrence.

"Well, I'll be darned!" laughed the soldier.

It wasn't long before the family of five tiny skunks was climbing over Sgt. Thomas, who sat very still and let them climb. Mama Skunk watched the fun with a wary eye, seemingly convinced that this uniformed chap was a pretty good Joe.

An hour passed, and Sgt. Thomas was getting cramped from his forced position. Mama Skunk evidently sensed this for after a moment more she called off her playful family and shooed them back into the log. She gave the sergeant a warm look and with a flick of her tail followed the five.

As the skunks grew and Mama weaned them, each found a soldier friend until soon all five were attached to some G.I. Mama herself, however, stuck to Sgt. Thomas. He taught her to hang around the kitchen, over which he had charge, just to scare away frequent raiding parties. Occasionally some of the boys pulled a sneak foray on the stores.

"You watch 'em, Mama," Sgt. Thomas would warn his pet. And she did. Only once did anybody try to tap the icebox. It was Lt. Winters, who thought he had lured Mama Skunk off with a choice morsel of food. On his way out of the storeroom, however, he accidentally stumbled over the skunk. It is on record that the lieutenant reluctantly burned all his clothes!

Naturally, in a small camp

where six skunks are the leading attractions, there is bound to be a bit of horse play—or, in this instance, skunk play.

Just to break the monotony one day, a fun-loving soldier tied a small can to the tail of one of the young skunks and turned it loose. The can contained a few pebbles.

The soldier said, "Shoo Skunkie!"

Skunkie took a short lunge. The can rattled. He took a longer one. Across the field he went. The sleeping barracks were directly ahead of him. He shot through the door—out the other end.

A cough sounded from a bunk. Someone sneezed. Then cursed. The room became a bedlam of distressed sounds. A literal green smoke screen lay over the bunks.

The upshot was that a score of choking soldiers were forced to burn their clothes, plus a stack of sheets and blankets. They were almost compelled to burn the barracks. It was several days before they could enter it, and thus they had to sleep in tents with the temperature 35 below zero. That skunk episode had cost plenty!

It was three days before the scandalized young skunk would deign to return to its tormentors. They solemnly shook hands and promised no more baiting of skunks.

The pungent aroma of the wild hung over the camp for three weeks until the boys got fairly accustomed to it.

The Japs were crawling closer, in a concerted attempt to dislodge American occupation of the misty chain of islands. Every day several patrols were sent out to rout the yellow boys, and heavy fighting ensued on nearby islands.

Sgt. Thomas and Mama

krunk got along famously. She all used the hollow log for a pudour, but her little family, now almost grown up, had found new quarters. They were always in camp in time for now, however.

The green fog had lifted from the island of Taglak.

Word came through that a large enemy naval concentration had been discovered a few miles away in the fog-shrouded waters of Igloot Sound. Every bomber and fighter was ordered to the attack. They took off one dismal morning just after dawn. Only the ground force was left in attendance on the little atoll of Taglak. The several hundred boys chafed for action. They were cramped from inactivity, sore at the isolation of their enforced predicament. Why didn't something happen?

A cold rain began falling an hour after the planes had taken off, and the boys had to stick to barracks. The radio crackled and squealed because of the electrical influence of the flashing Northern Lights. Capt. Howser snapped it off with a muttered curse. The skunk family was out foraging. There was good hunting when it rained because the small rodents which furnished them food took shelter under rocks and in bushes.

The field operator got a flash that sent the men scurrying for their arms. One of the naval patrol boats loaded with landing troops had got away from the formation. Just where the Jap ship was headed no one knew.

"Hm!" growled Capt. Howser. "That means at least six to eight hundred yellowtails . . . mebbe headed this way."

"Let 'em come!" retorted a young corporal.

"Says you!" said another. "There are mebbe two hundred of us."

The long Jap ship slid through the murk like a ghost, her engines turning at quarter-throttle. She came up toward a low wooded shore, and many

small boats put off, silently. Muffled oarsmen shunted them across the choppy grey waters. Dripping under the steady downpour, the Nips waded ashore, speaking in whispers. As each boat landed, it was drawn up on the sand and its men joined the group forming on the beach.

They spread out, hunting in twos and threes, and began a quiet march inland. They would trap the enemy soldiers beautifully! Banzai!

A choked cough rent the dripping air. Another. Horrible gurgling sounds came from a new quarter. Then several Nip soldiers staggered toward the beach, holding arms across their faces. Another small group appeared. Then from all along the line small parties lurched out of the trees, cursing, calling on their ancestors to slay the demon that resided on this island. Tears streamed down their faces, and paroxysms wracked every man.

It was a Jap gun going off that brought the American soldiers. They were downwind from the enemy, so knew exactly what had happened. They came with gas masks firmly clamped on faces.

It was as if the Japanese had been attacked with tear gas. Some of them lay on the beach

deathly sick. The Yanks marched up without firing a shot and captured every man—like that!

A terrific, rocking explosion shook the little island. The returning bombers had spotted the Jap ship offshore and laid one in its middle.

Well, this is the end of our tale. Of course, the Japs had run afoul of the six hunting skunks. Skunks hate to be bothered while stalking prey. They are hungry then. And short-tempered. The Japs had blundered into all six little animals, and they had retaliated in the manner best known to them. The woods was green with skunk fog.

Yes, and they found out later that the ship from which the enemy had landed was a mine layer filled with tons of high explosives.

The Japs would certainly have killed most of the unsuspecting Americans on the island, laid their mines in the waters, and ruined the landing field—the only one in several miles.

But the six skunks had blighted their plans.

"Thanks, Mama," said Sgt. Thomas to his old pal. "Glad the wind was blowing our way. I'll see you and the kids get a citation for this!"

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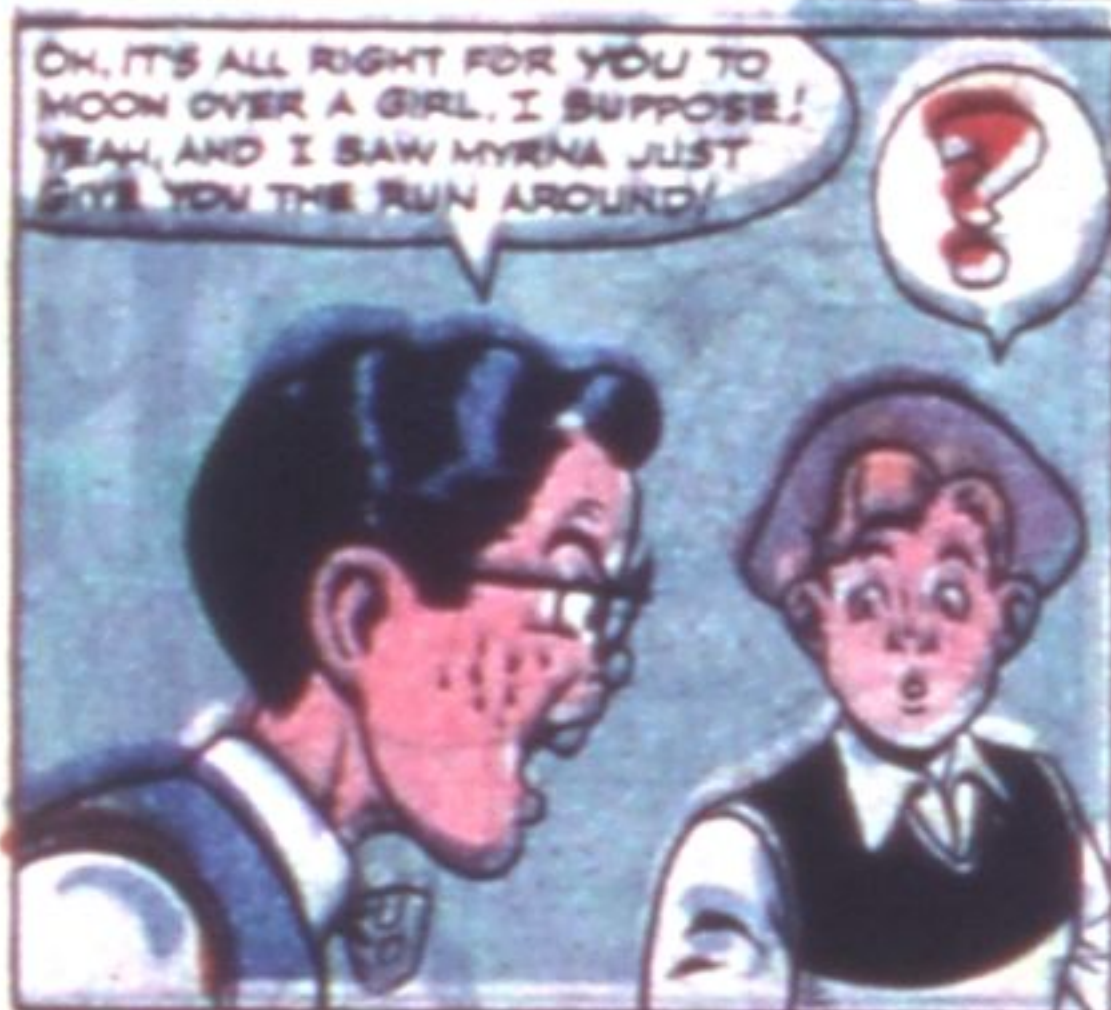
FZZRA

YIIII!...
THAT PLANE!
THERE'S GOING
TO BE A
CRASH!

EZRA!
LOOK
OUT!







HEY! THAT WAS
CLOSE! ALMOST
BACKED UP
AT TIME!

YES! AND IT'S A
GOOD THING
I DUCKED!



WHY YOU'RE A WHITECAT!
I BET YOU'RE ALL HOUND
UP FOR THE BIG JUMP
TONIGHT!

UH...WHY,
I'M NOT EVEN
GOING!



YOU'RE NOT? WELL, JUST
OR HALF SCARING ME TO
DEATH, I OUGHT TO ASK
YOU TO TAKE ME!

YOU SHOULD?...
I MEAN... YOU
WOULD? I
MEAN... WILL
YOU?



YEP! THEN IT'S A
DATE! I LIVE AT
11 VINE STREET!
SHALL WE
SAY SEVEN
O'CLOCK?



HEY, YOU'LL HAVE
TO HURRY AND DRESS!
THERE ISN'T
MUCH TIME!

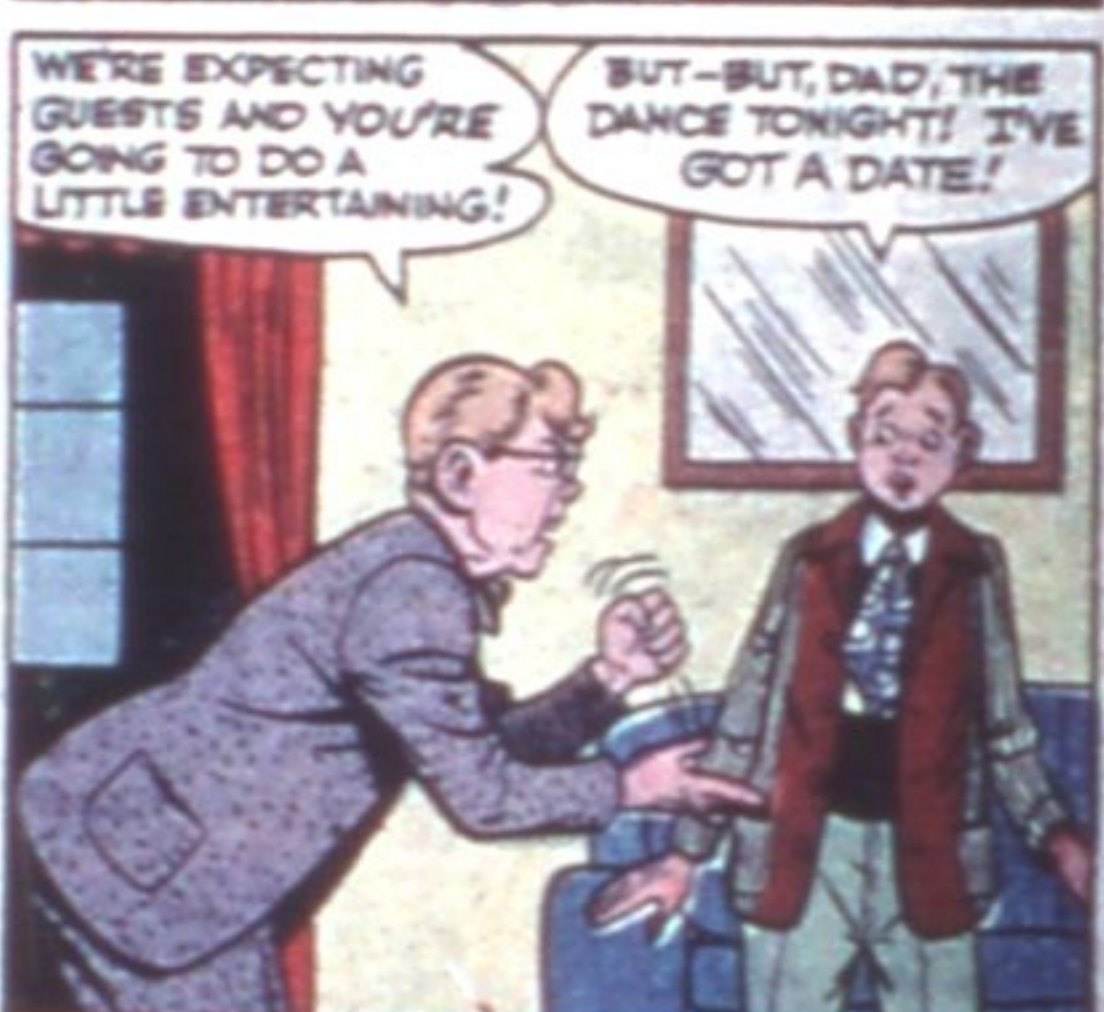
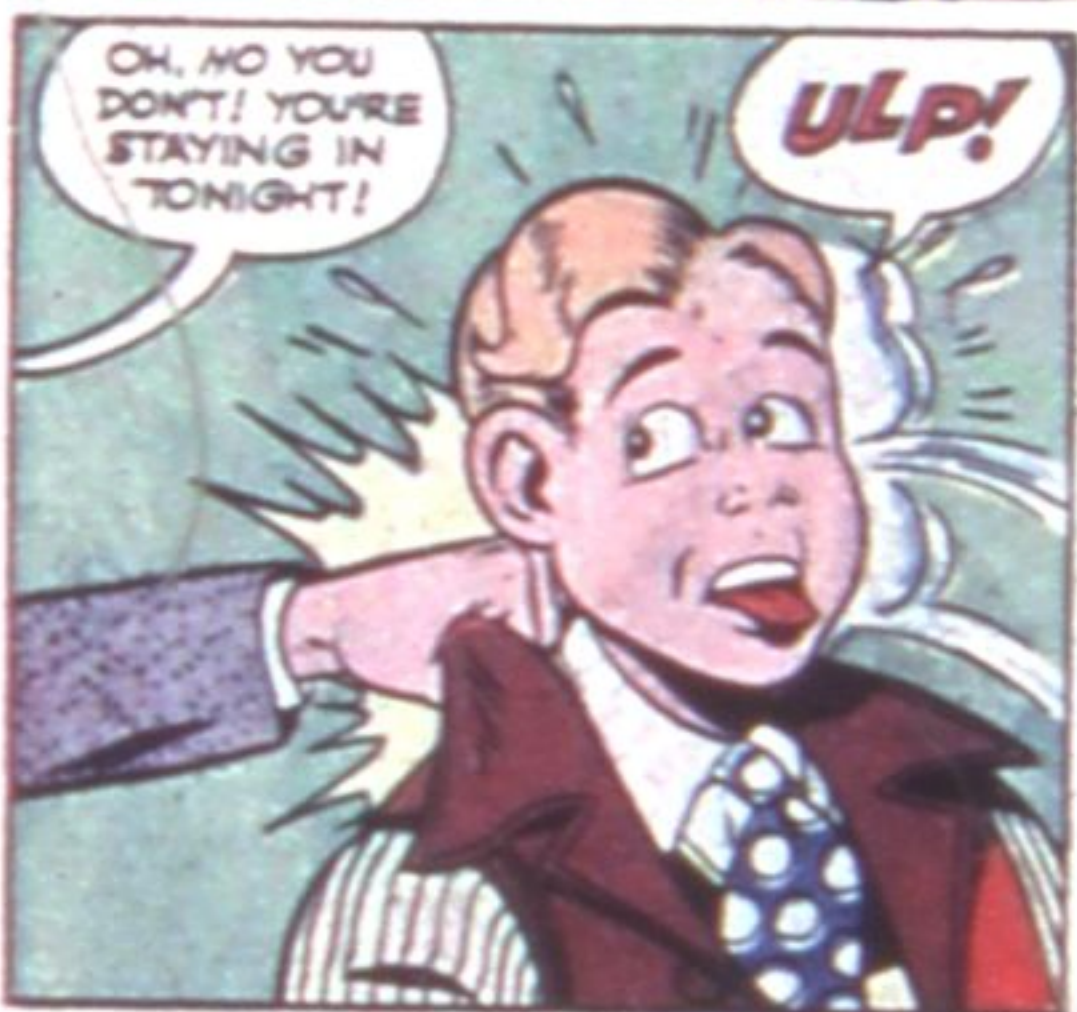
NO, THERE ISN'T, IS
THERE? GOSH, AND
TO THINK THAT I
ALMOST DIDN'T
ASK HER TO—



HEY, WHAT ARE
YOU? A WISE
GUY?

TAKE IT EASY, PAL! WOMEN
ARE THE RUINATION OF
MEN LIKE YOU!











HAVE THE FIRST
DANCE WITH DRU-
LA EZRA! I'M
GOING TO FIX MY
HAIR!

OKAY, LAURA,
BUT DON'T
BE LONG!



WELL, LOOK AT THE
GRUESOME TWOSOME!
WHERE DID HE
DIG HER UP?

WHY, IT'S
EZRA! I
WONDER
WHO THE
GIRL IS?



SO DROOPY.
DON'T YOU EVEN
GO ONTO A
DAGGY DAME?

WHY, HERE COMES LAURA
JACKSON! SHE WAS QUEEN
OF THE WATER CARNIVAL
AT BELLEVILLE!



OH, THERE YOU
ARE, EZRA! WERE
YOU TRYING TO
GET AWAY FROM
MET?

SHALL
WE
DANCE?

?



YOU CERTAINLY ARE POPULAR!
I'M PROUD TO BE YOUR
DATE TONIGHT! JUST
WHAT IS THE SECRET
OF YOUR POPULARITY?

WELL,
LAURA,
I REALLY
DON'T
KNOW--



-- UNLESS IT'S THAT
I'VE LEARNED
THE VALUE OF
TEAMWORK!

MODEL PLANE CONTEST
POSTPONED
UNTIL A WEEK
FROM TOMORROW.

PT Boat

A harbor choked with the corpses of dead ships, with the flames from shattered hulks glowing redly on the scene of a catastrophic defeat.... This is the final setting for the violent drama of Fujara and his Suicide Fleet -- a brilliant victory for American PT Boats! ... In the desolation a lonely figure moves, stroking with tired arms toward a rubber raft... **FUJARA LIVES!**



ALL GONE! EVERY
LAST SHIP! THE DEVIL
BOATS DESTROYED
ALL OF THEM!

THE FINAL BATTLE IS
LOST! WHY DIDN'T I
DIE WITH THEM? WHY
DOES ONLY FUJARA
SURVIVE?

THERE IS BUT ONE ANSWER
TO THIS MISERABLE ONE'S
DESIRE... *HARI-KIRI!*
I WILL JOIN MY
ANCESTORS
WITH HONOR!



BY SHINTO!
WHAT IS THIS? A SHIP
APPROACHES!



AYE! THERE HAS
BEEN A DISASTER!
FUJARA'S FLEET
IS DESTROYED!

OUR JOURNEY
HAS BEEN IN
VAIN!



HERE IS
ONE
SURVIVOR!

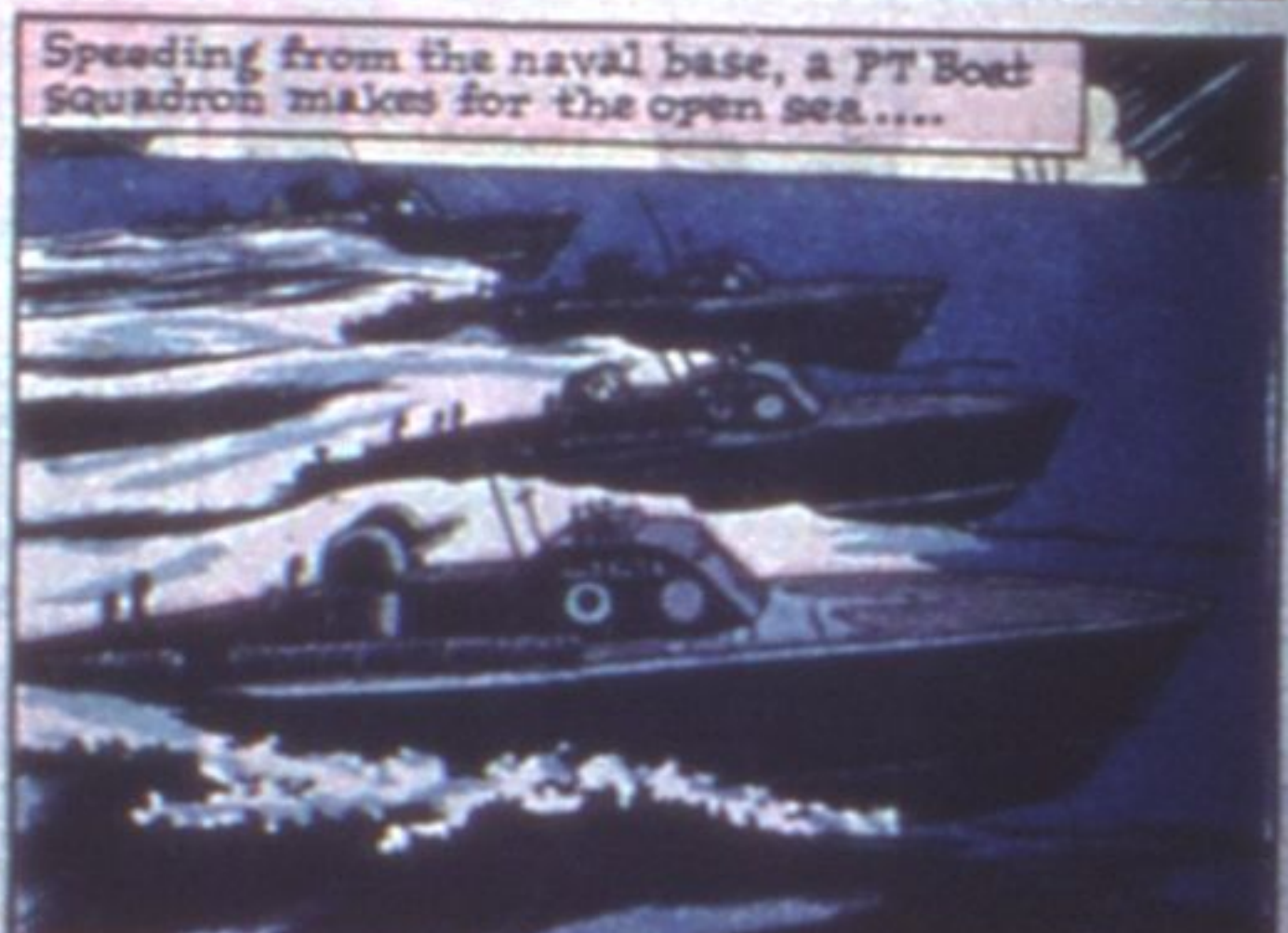
IT IS OUR
LEADER!
FUJARA!

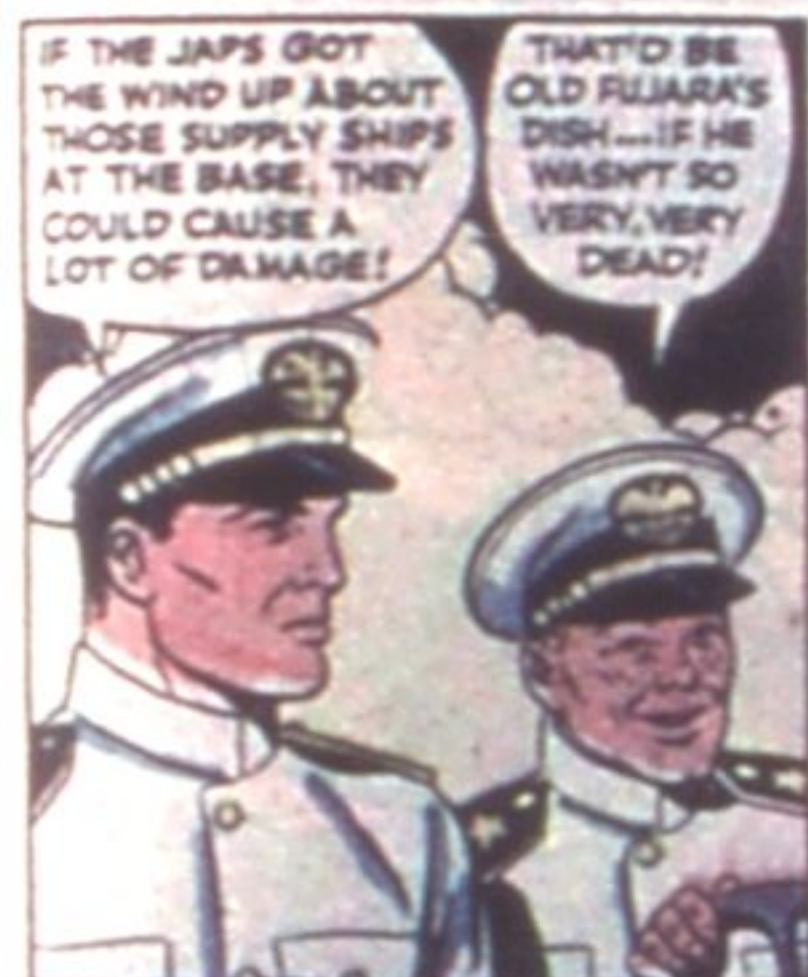


I AM HONORED
BEYOND SPEECH,
GRACIOUS SIRE!

WORDS ARE USELESS!
ONLY BY DEEDS CAN I
AVENGE THE DISHONOR
OF THIS DAY!

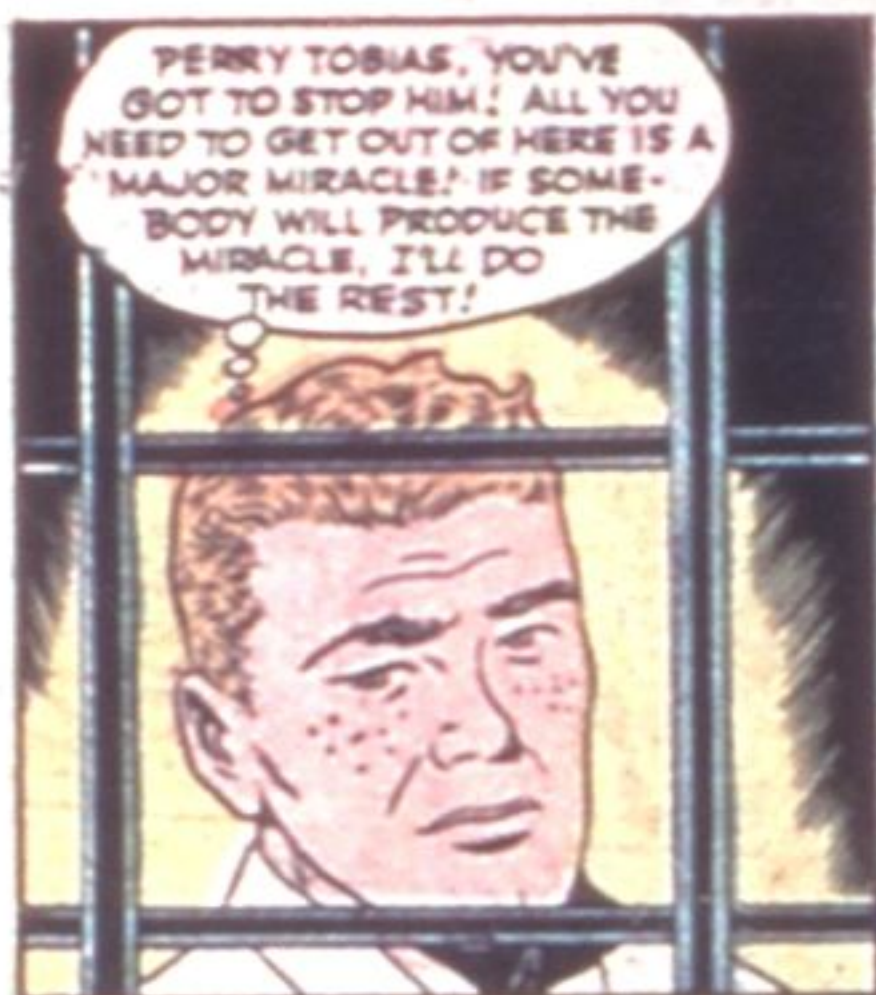
















DAISY Play Guns Now READY

BANG!

BANG!

\$1.50
PLUS 10¢
POSTAGE
HANDLED
BY DAISY

DAISY COMMANDO

Repeating PLAY GUN

Get this safe, new improved DAISY COMMANDO in your hands—slam that husky stock to your shoulder—grab the pump action and make her go “BANG! BANG! BANG!” (not an air rifle). Enjoy these big features: (1) Military-type gun sling. (2) New, heavier, huskier barrel. (3) Loud “BANG!” every time you work the pump action. (4) Smooth, positive

pump action. (5) Rear barrel DOUBLE-METAL-ANCHORED on stock. Red forehand, gun-black barrel. Natural finish stock with VICTORY INSEIGNIA. Be a Commando—enjoy this exciting harmless fun—get yours now! Ask the grown-ups in your family to send only \$1.50 plus 10¢ postage-handling charge for your genuine Daisy Commando.

New Daisy SUB-MACHINE GUN

RAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT
DAISY

CHATTERMATIC

HARMLESS!



\$1.00
PLUS 10¢
POSTAGE
HANDLED
BY DAISY

This new, improved DAISY CHATTERMATIC is America's most famous sub-machine play gun. (Not an air rifle.) Safe, thrilling fun. Shoots “NOISE”—and plenty of it! CHATTERMATIC has realistic handgrip, round machine-gun style magazine. Jet black barrel. Natural wood-finish stock, patriotic VICTORY INSEIGNIA. Turn firing crank... feel that easier, smoother “shooting action”... hear that exciting “Rat-Tat-Tat-Tat!” sturdy, all-wood construction. It's the best—a DAISY! Ask your folks to send only \$1 plus 10¢ for postage-handling direct to Daisy now!

HOW TO ORDER

Order from Daisy. Send money or check—be sure to include requested for postage. Orders promptly shipped. Returns for no charge.

ORDER NOW ON THIS COUPON!

The Supply Is Limited—Work Your Order Now!
DAISY MFG. CO., 4811 Union St., Dept. 1, Plymouth, Michigan
Send postpaid the Daisy Play Gun checked below for which I enclose price plus postage-handling charge.

- ☐ DAISY CHATTERMATIC (\$1.00 plus 10¢ postage-handling charge).
☐ DAISY COMMANDO (\$1.50 plus 10¢ postage-handling charge).

NAME.....

ST. & NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Please PRINT Name, Address Plainly—use middle space if necessary)

**Y
LES**

Shook, Post
Plymouth Mich., U.S.A.

**Boys!
Girls!**

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE



**Great Cowboy
HOLSTER
SET**

BOYS! Here's the Holster Set you've wanted. Big jeweled Cowboy Holster, "Texan-type" pistol, leather belt, kerchief and hat. All for selling only one order.

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A line toy for Boys and Girls. Given for selling only one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



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Famous "Chemograph" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell only one order.



CANDID TYPE CAMERA



with carrying case. Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$2 extra.



**Color-illustrated
FAMILY BIBLE**
with your name in gold on the cover. Sell only one order.

STERLING SILVER SWEETHEART BRACELET



for selling only one order. Other bracelets and necklaces to choose from.

HUNTING KNIFE with LEATHER SHEATH



A big husky hunting knife, 11 inches long. Leather sheath attaches to belt. SELL ONLY ONE ORDER.

PEN & PENCIL SET



A really good fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Given for selling one order.

"SECRET COMPARTMENT" WALLET



for Men and Boys. Your name in gold.

SELL ONE ORDER for either wallet.



"AMERICAN LADY" WALLET

—smartly-styled two-toned, 7-compartment billfold.



SWEETHEART DOLL

"PEGGY SWEETHEART", the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order.



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Your choice of any two famous Bookshelf Games—for selling one order.

FOOTBALL-BASEBALL-BINGO Checkers-Chess-Horse-Racing



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FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order.



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Tough and sturdy. A swell prize given without cost for selling one order.

OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

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- Pocket Size Camp Silver
- Telescope
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- Silver Camped
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BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get two for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes above and many others in our BIG PRIZE SHEET are WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra mail stated in BIG PRIZE SHEET.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, neighbors. Each pack contains 96 Sparkling Xmas brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want.

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